

R U L E A W I F E,

A N D

H A V E A W I F E.

A

C O M E D Y.

As perform'd at the Theatres.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.



L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXVII.





PROLOGUE.

*PLEASURE attend ye, and about ye fit
The Springs of Mirth, Fancy, Delight, and Wit,
To stir you up; do not your Looks let fall,
Nor to Remembrance our late Errors call,
Because this Day w' are Spaniards all again,
The Story of our Play, and our Scene Spain:
The Errors too, do not for this Cause hate,
Now we present their Wit, and not their State.
Nor, Ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh Beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross Errors in your Kingdom reign;
You're Vestals all, and though we blow the Fire,
We seldom make it flame up to Desire;
Take no Example neither to begin,
For some by Precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your Fans close, and then smile at Ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor, Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some Men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our Comedy,
You are our Friends, sit noble then and see.*

}



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of Medina.

Don Juan de Castro, a Spanish Colonel.

Sanchio, }
Alonzo, } *Officers in the Army.*

Michael Perez, the Copper Captain.

*Leon, Brother to Altea, and by her Contrivance married
to Margarita.*

Cacafogo, a rich Usurer.

W O M E N.

*Margarita, a wanton Lady, married to Leon, by whom
she is reclaimed.*

Altea, her Servant.

Clara, a Spanish Lady.

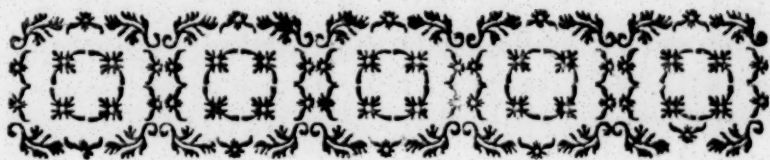
Estifania, a Woman of Intrigue, married to Perez.

Three old Ladies.

An old Woman, and Maid.

S C E N E, S P A I N.

R U L E



R U L E A W I F E ,
A N D
H A V E A W I F E .

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Juan de Castro and Michael Perez.

M I C H A E L .

A R E your Companies full, Colonel ?
Juan. No, not yet, Sir :
Nor will not be this Month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your Command ?

Mich. We pick up still,
And as our Monies hold out, we have Men come.
About that Time I think we shall be full too ;
Many young Gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd :
There's one Don *Leon*, a strange goodly Fellow,
Commended to me from some noble Friends,
For my *Alferes*.

Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.

Juan. But no Harm done, nor ever meant, Don *Michael*,
That came to my Ears yet ; ask him a Question,

He blushes like a Girl, and answers little,
To the point less ? he wears a Sword, a good one,
And good Cloaths too ; he's whole-skin'd, has no hurt yet,
Good promising hopes ; I never yet heard certainly
Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a Peace if need be,
Many as stout as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as Heart can wish.
Their Mouths charg'd with six Oaths at once, and whole
ones,

That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into Mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for : but, *Mich. Perez*,
When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great Heiress ?

Mich. I hear every Hour of her, though I ne'er saw her,
She is the main discourse : Noble *Don Juan de Castro*.
How happy were that Man could catch this Wench up,
And live at ease ! She's Fair and Young, and Wealthy,
Infinite Wealthy, and as Gracious too
In all her Entertainments, as Men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without Wantonnefs ;
He that shall marry her, must have a rare Hand.

Mich. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that
Wisdom

With a light Rein to rule my Wife. If e'er Woman
Of the most subtle Mould went beyond me,
I'd give Boys Leave to hoot me out o' the Parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir. there be two Gentlewomen attend to speak
with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women ?

Ser. They seem so, very handsome, but they're veil'd,
Sir.

Mich. Thou put'st Sugar in my Mouth, how it melts
with me !

I love a sweet young Wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say,

[*Exit Servant.*
Mich.

Mich. Don *Juan*.

Juan. *Michael!* how you burnish!
Will not this Soldier's Heat out of your Bones yet?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what Shame have you then?

Mich. I wou'd fain see that,
I've been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange Things,
But for two honest Women; — one I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee be modest.

Mich. I'll be any Thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania, veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well though;
They come not for Advice in Law sure hither;
May be they'd learn to raise the Pike, I'm for 'em:
They're very modest; 'tis a fine Preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman, wou'd you
speak, Lady?

Clara. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro*.

Mich. Her Curtain opens, she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the Man, and shall be bound to Fortune,
I may do any Service to your Beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to *Flanders*,
To serve the Catholic King.

Juan. I am, sweet Lady.

Clara. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend,
Employ'd in those Wars; may be, Sir, you know him,
Don *Campusano*, Captain of *Carbines*,

To whom I wou'd request your Nobleness,
To give this poor Remembrance. [Gives a Letter.]

Juan. I shall do it;

I know the Gentleman, a most worthy Captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Exeunt Juan and Clara.]

Mich. Pr'ythee let me see thy Face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,

Women of our sort, that maintain fair Memories.
And keep Suspect off from their Chastities,
Had need wear thicker Veils.

Mich. I am no Blaster of a Lady's Beauty,
Nor bold Intruder on her special Favours,
I know how tender Reputation is,
And with what Guards it ought to be preserv'd,
Lady, you may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Signior, I come
Not here to sell myself.

Mich. As I'm a Gentleman, by the Honour of a
Soldier.

Estif. I believe you,
I pray be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me I believe you'll like me,
But in a strange Place, to a Stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
And 'tis a Sin to sling away Affection,
I know not you have struck me with your Modesty
That you have taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others —
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not:
But since I see you're so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. When I am gone let your Man follow me,
And view what House I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
And as I like your virtuous Carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you.

She'th done her Business, I must take my leave, Sir,

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white Hand, and thank you,
Lady.

My

HAVE a WIFE.

II

My Man shall wait, and I shall be your Servant;
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully.

[*Exit.*

Juan. You will command me more Services?

Cla. To be careful of your noble Health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kifs your Hands. Wait on the Ladies down there.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Servant.*

Mich. You had the Honour to see the Face that came
to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, *Don*
Michael?

Mich. Mine was i' th' Eclipse, and had a Cloud drawn
over it.

But I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome.
She had a Hand would stir a holy Hermitc.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain,
But I'll say nothing till I see the Proof on't,
Sit close, *Don Perez*, or your Worship's caught.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*,
Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing,
But I may live to see——

Juan. 'Tis worth Experience,

Let's walk abroad and view our Companies.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.

San. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo*?

Alon. It may be Ay,

It may be No, e'en as the Humour takes me.
If I find Peace among the female Creatures,
And easy Entertainment, I'll stay at home,
I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long Marches
And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour,
When you're all gone I have my choice before me.

San.

San. Ay, of which Hospital thou'lt sweat in; wilt Thou never leave whoring?

Alon. There is less Danger in't than gunning, *Sanchio*, Though we be shot sometimes, the Shot's not mortal, Besides, it breaks no Limbs.

San. But it disables 'em,
Dost see how thou pullest thy Legs after thee,
As if they hung by Points?

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus than walk on wooden ones,
Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

San. Fye, fye, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis th' Crown of Honour;
You think it nothing to lie twenty Days
Under a Surgeon's Hands that has no Mercy.

San. As thou hast done I'm sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the Orient Heiress,
The *Margarita*, Sir.

Alon. I wou'd I had her.

San. They say she'll marry.

Alon. Yes, I think she will.

San. And marry suddenly, as Report goes too,
They say too

She has a greedy Eye, that must be fed
With more than one Man's Meat.

Alon. Wou'd she were mine,
I'd cater for her well enough; but, *Sanchio*,
There be too many great Men that adore her;
Princes, and Princes Fellows, that claim Privilege.

San. Yet those stand off i' the way of Marriage;
To be tied to a Man's Pleasure is a second Labour.

Alon. She has bought a brave House here in Town.

San. I've heard so.

Alon. If she convert it now to pious Uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.

San. When comes she to it?

Alon. Within these two Days, she's in the Country yet,
And keeps the noblest House.

San. Then there's some hope of her:

Wilt

Wilt thou go my way ?

Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old Gentlewoman that
Has Credit with her, that can speak a good Word.

San. Send thee good Fortune, but make thy Body
found first

Alon. I am a Soldier,
And too found a Body becomes me not ;
So farewell, *Sanchio*.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Ser. 'Tis this or that House, or I've lost my Aim,
They're both Fair Buildings, she walk'd plaguy fast.

Enter Estifania,

And hereabouts I lost her ; stay, that's she,
'Tis very she, ——— she makes me a low Court'fy, ———
Let me note the Place, the Street I well remember.

[*Exit*.

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What shou'd it mean, that in such haste we're
sent for ?

2 *Lady.* Be like the Lady *Margaret* has ~~some~~ business
Sh'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It shou'd seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
For a young Woman of her Years ; 'tis a pity
To load her tender Age with too much Virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well
away with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good-morrow, Ladies.

All. 'Morrow my good Madam.

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady
Margaret ?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last Night ?

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Are her Dreams gentle to her Mind ?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly
To give her Counsel in a Business
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely.

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper Calling,
And well befits her years : Who wou'd she yoke with ?

Alt. That's left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your Fast, drink a good Cup or two,
To strengthen your Understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady.* And good Wine breeds good Counsel, we'll
yield to ye. [Exeunt.]

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any Service ?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where ?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What Office bore ye ?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you ?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt ?

Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long Questions, I've an ill Memory.

Juan. This is an Ass ; did you ne'er draw your Sword
yet ?

Leon. Not to do any Harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en Prisoner ?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I had ne'er no Money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum ?

Leon. It makes my Head ake.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk ?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving, Sir.

Juan. What a Lump is this Man,

Was

Was your Father wife ?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure,
For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness,
Canst thou lye with a Woman ?

Leon. I think I could make shift, Sir,
But I am bashful.

Juan. In the Night ?

Leon. I know not,
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to be my Officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight ?

Leon. There be more Officers of my Opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir ; Men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a Bullet ?

Leon. Why by chance,
They aim at honourable Men, alas I'm none, Sir.

Juan. This Fellow has some Doubts in his Talk that
strike me.

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all Fool : Welcome, *Alonzo*.

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into
your Company ?
The Spirit of Peace ? We shall have Wars by the Ounce then.

Enter Cacafogo.

O here's the cramm'd Son of a starv'd Usurer, *Cacafogo*.
Both their Brains butter'd, cannot make two Spoonfuls.

Caca. My Father's dead : I am a Man of War too,
Monies, Demesnes ; I've Ships at Sea too, Captains.

Juan. Take heed o' the *Hollanders*, your Ships may
leak else.

Caca. I scorn the *Hollanders*, they are my Drunkards.

Alon. Put up your Gold, Sir, I will borrow it else.

Caca. I'm satisfied, you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine Anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'st wrong'd mine Honour,
Thou look'dst upon my Mistress thrice lasciviously,

I'll

I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou want'st my Money too, with a pair of
base Bones,

In whom there was no Truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. [He strikes.

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee:
I leave thee as a thing despis'd, *baso las manos a voftra*
Seignoria. [Exit. Cac.

Alon. You've 'scap'd by Miracle, there is not in all Spain
A Spirit of more Fury than this Fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this Fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,

He will infect the Camp with Cowardise,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some Week hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler Officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[Exeunt.

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends, Lady,
For your strict Carriage when you saw me first:
These Beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a Wrong to hide so sweet an Object,
I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus,
No other-Anger ever touch your Sweetness.

Estif. Y'appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a Blush, Sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your Name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifania*, the Heir of this poor Place.

Per. Poor, do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon.
But shews both rich and admirable, all the Rooms
Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here.

The

The Gardens, Orchards, every thing so curious.
Is all that Plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present Use, I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it;
The Suits you see of all the upper Chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the House;
I think I have besides, as fair as *Sevil*,
Or any Town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some Hopes.
Are you a Maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer,
I ever was accounted so to this Hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

Per. Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her I am made for ever)
For every Year you lose, you lose a Beauty,
A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,
Were such a Comfort: Will ye walk above Stairs?

Estif. This Place will fit our Talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir,
Above there are Day-beds, and such Temptations
I dare not trust, Sir.

Per. She's excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a Husband, I am not so strict, Sir,
Nor ty'd unto a Virgin's Solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a Soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think, I shou'd accept him,
But above all he must love.

Per. He were base else.
There's Comfort ministred in the Word Soldier;
How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, Sir;
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
To please my Husband
I hold it as indifferent in my Duty,
To be his Maid i' the Kitchen, or his Cook,

As in the Hall to know myself the Mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now Fortune stick to me;
I am a Soldier, and a Batchelor, Lady,
And such a Wife as you I cou'd love infinitely;
They that use many Words, some are deceitful;
I long to be a Husband, and a good one,
For 'tis most certain I shall make a Precedent
For all that follow me to love their Ladies;
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too,
If't please you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true I shall not meet in equal Wealth with ye,
But Jewels, Chains, such as the War has given me,
A thousand Ducats too in ready Gold,
As rich Clothes too as any He bears Arms, Lady.

Estif. You're a Gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a Man I'd rather take——

Per. Pray do so,
I'll have a Priest o' the sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this Kifs.

Estif. You're a Flatterer,
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that noble Face, that stir'd my Fancy.

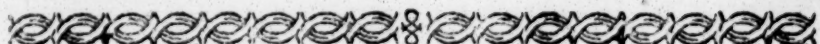
Per. I'll stir it better e'er you sleep, sweet Lady,
I'll send for all my Trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own Dispose, before I bed ye,
And then, sweet Wenck.

Estif. You have the art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

A C T



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Mar. C O M E in, and give me your Opinions seriously.
1 Lady. You say you have a mind to marry, Lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my Credit,
 Yet not so much for that as to preserve my State, Ladies.
 Conceive me right, there lies the Main o' th' Question,
 I desire my Pleasure, and Pleasure I must have.

2 Lady. 'Tis fit you should have,
 Your Years require it, and 'tis necessary,
 As necessary as meat to a young Lady,
 Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye single?
 You take away Variety in Marriage,
 Th' Abundance of the Pleasure you are barr'd then;
 Is't not Abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes, why was I made a Woman?

2 Lady. And ev'ry Day a new?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 Lady. You're still i'th' Right, why wou'd you marry
 then?

Alt. Because a Husband stops all Doubts in this Point,
 And clears all Passages.

2 Lady. What Husband mean ye?

Alt. A Husband of an easy Faith, a Fool,
 Made by her Wealth, and moulded to her Pleasure;
 One though he see himself become a Monster,
 Shall hold the Door, and entertain the Maker.

2 Lady. You grant there may be such a Man.

1 Lady. Yes marry, but how to bring 'em to this rare
 Perfection.

2 Lady.

2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so, things of no Honour,
Nor outward Honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, so they be yours.

Alt. And to that end, with Search and Wit and Labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect:

Mar. Is he a Gentleman?

Alt. Yes, and a Soldier, but as gentle as you'd wish him,
A good Fellow, but wants good Clothes.

Mar. Those I'll allow him.
They are for my Credit, does he understand
But little.

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better,
Have not the Wars bred him up to Anger?

Alt. No, he wont quarrel with a Dog that bites him,
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one Silence.

Mar. H'as no Capacity what Honour is?
For that's the Soldier's God.

Alt. Honour's a thing too subtle for his Wisdom,
If Honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

Mar. Is he so goodly a Man, do you say?

Alt. As you shall see, Lady,
But to all this he's but a Trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so,
I shall add Branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this Man, and let me see him,
If he be that Motion that you tell me of,
And make no more Noise, I shall entertain him,
Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou'rt not married indeed?

Per. No, no, pray think so,
Alas I am a Fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a Lady's Eye.

Alon. Wou'dst steal a Fortune,
And make none of thy Friends acquainted with it,

Nor

Not bid us to thy Wedding?

Per. No indeed.

There was no Wisdom in't to bid an Artist,
An old Seducer, to a Female Banquet:
I can cut up my Pye without your Instructions.

Juan. Was it the Wench i' the Veil?

Per. Basta, 'twas she.

The prettiest Rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st Thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A Mine, a Mine, there is no End of Wealth, Colonel;
I am an Ass, a bashful Fool, pr'ythee, Colonel,
How do thy Companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, Sir,
You intend a safer War at home belike now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this Year, Colonel,
I find myself giv'n to my Ease a little,
I care not if I sell my foolish Company,
They're things of Hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This Fellow at first sight shou'd win a Lady,
A rich young Wench.

When shall we come to thy House and be freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have an House to maintain an Army.

Alon. If thy Wife be fair, thou'lt have few less
Come to thee.

Per. Where they'll get Enterainment is the point,
Signior I beat no Drum.

May be I'll march, after a Month or two,
To get me a fresh Stomach. I find, Colonel,
A wantonness in Wealth, methinks I agree not with,
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great Importance,
Jewels, and Plate, and Fooleries molest me,
To have a Man's Brains whimsied with his Wealth:
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistress, Sir, is sick, because you're absent, She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my Jewel,
Come, I'll go with thee ; Gentlemen your fair leaves,
You see I'm ty'd a little to my Yoke,
Pray pardon me, wou'd ye had both such loving Wives.
[*Exeunt Per. and Servant.*]

Juan. I thank ye
For your old Boots ; never be blank, *Alonzo*,
Because this Fellow has outstript thy Fortune ;
Tell me ten Days hence what he is and how
The gracious state of Matrimony stands with him ;
Come, let's to Dinner, when *Margarita* comes
We'll visit both, it may be then your Fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Mar. Is he come ?

Alt. Yes, Madam, h'a been here this half Hour,
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the Man.

Mar. Call him in, *Altea*. [*Exit Altea.*]

Enter Leon, and Altea.

A Man of a good Presence, pray ye come this way,
Is his Mind so tame ?

Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your Purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

Mar. Can ye love a young Lady ? How he blushes !

Alt. Leave twirling of your Hat, and hold your Head up,
And speak to th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can,
I must be taught I know not what it means, Madam.

Mar. You shall be taught ; and can you when she pleases
Go ride abroad, and stay a Week or too ?
You shall have Men and Horses to attend ye,
And Money in your Purse.

Leon.

Leon. Yes, I love riding,
And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with Obedience,
And do your Duty to the Lady loves you?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her Friends here,
Or noble Kinsmen, can you entertain
Their Servants in the Cellar, and be busied,
And hold your Peace, whate'er you see or hear?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Let me try your Kisses;
How the Fool shakes! I will not eat ye, Sir;
If I should be this Lady that affects ye,
Nay say I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the Lady.

Mar. What Money have ye?

Leon. None, Madam, nor no Friends,
I wou'd do any thing to serve your Ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my Master, Sir,
Nor talk i'the House as though you wore the Breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not,
Ala, I am not able, I've no Wit, Madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your Head, I take ye upon Charity,
And like a Servant ye must be unto me,
As I behold your Duty I shall love ye.

Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kifs me again : If you see me
Kifs any other, twenty in an Hour, Sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kifs a thousand I shall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, Madam.

Mar. 'Tis the Man I wish'd for ; the less you speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, Madam,
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a Priest, I'll wed him instantly.
But when you're married, Sir, you must wait on me.
And see ye observe my Laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better Clothes when you deserve 'em
Come in, and serve for witness.

Omnes. We shall, Madam.

Mar. And then away to the City presently,
I'll to my new House and new Company.

Leon. A thousand Crowns are thine ; I'm a made Man,

Alt. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, Wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a Paper.

Cla. What, have you caught him ?

Estif. Yes.

Cla. And do you find him

A Man of those Hopes that you aim'd at ?

Estif. Yes too, and the most kind Man,
I find him rich too, *Clara.*

Cla. Hast thou married him ?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a Bait, Wench
I bob for Fools : He is mine own, I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a Trout,
And as I cast it so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've 'flow'd at my Devotion.

Cla. Does the Lady know this ? She's coming now
to Town.

Now

Now to live here in this House.

Estif. Let her come,
She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad sure if she be angry at my Fortune.

Cla. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays and looks no farther
Into my Ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wife Hate will teach me how to cozen him.

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind Man.

Per. My *Estifania*, shall we to Dinner, Lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter but methinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. Your welcome to it, Sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in *Spain*, Wench,
Methinks the richest too, we'll eat i' the Garden
In one o' the Arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our Wine cool'd in the running Fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A Friend of mine, Sir.

Per. Of what Breeding?

Estif. A Gentlewoman, Sir.

Per. What Business has she?

Is she a learned Woman i' the Mathematics?
Can she tell Fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a Letter from a Kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my Absence, Wife,
Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
And learn your Health? She looks not like a Confessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled, Sir?
What do you suspect, she cannot Cuckold ye,
She is a Woman, Sir, a very Woman.

Per. Your very Woman may do very well, Sir,
Toward the matter, for though she cannot perform it

In her own Person, she may do't by Proxy,
Your rarest Juglers work still by Conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye Mercy, Husband, you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me.

Per. No indeed, Wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more Cause,
And clearer too : I'm sure you've heard say, Husband,
A Woman forc'd will free herself through Iron,
A happy, calm, and good Wife discontented
May be taught Tricks.

Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow, Friend, I'll see you.

Cl. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

Estif. Why, where's this girl ? who's at the Door ?

[*Knock.*

Per. Who knocks there ?

Is't for the King you come, ye knock so boisterously ?

Look to the Door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live, Mistress, my Lady's come,
She's at the Door, I peep't through, I saw her,
And a stately Company of Ladies with her.

Estif. This was a Week too soon, but I must meet with
her,

And set a new Wheel going, and a subtle one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at the Door ?

Estif. Such, my *Michael*,
As you may bless the Day they enter'd here,
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the Business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me,
What have I now to do but to advance your Fortune ?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee, I'm asham'd I was angry,
I find thee a wise young Wife.

Estif. I'll wise your worship.

Before

Before I leave ye ;—pray ye walk by and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, Sir,
I was born to make ye a Man.

Per. The Rogue speaks heartily,
Her good-will colours in her Checks, I'm born to love her.
I must be gentle to these tender Natures,
A Soldier's rude harsh Words besit not Ladies.

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who're these, I hate such flaunting Things ?
A Woman of rare Presence ! Excellent Fair ;
This is too big sure for a Bawdy-House,
Too open seated too.

Estif. My Husband, Lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper Man.

Per. What e'er I am, I am your Servant, Lady [*Kisses.*]

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now,
And I shall make ye rich ; this is my Cousin,
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to Death ;
See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly Woman.

Estif. She is a Mirrour.

But she is poor, she were for a Prince's Side else.
This House she has brought him to as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and on my Courtesy ;
Conceive me short, he knows not but she's wealthy,
Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He's so far gone.

Per. Forward, She's a rare Face.

Estif. This we must carry with Discretion, Husband,
And yield unto her for four Days.

Per. Yield our House up, our Goods and Wealth ?

Estif. All this is but seeming, do you see this Writing ?
Two hundred Pounds a Year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good ; the Time is unfit now,
I'll shew it you To-morrow.

Pe. All the House ?

Estif. All, all ; and we'll remove too, to confirm him.
They'll into the country suddenly again.

After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.

Per. The whole Possession, Wife? Look what you do;
A Part o' the House.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their Pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a Sister, Sir,
A Niece or Mistress, that requir'd this Courtesy,
And should I make a Scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, Sir, as easily as it came on;
You give away no House.

Per. Clear but that Question.

Estif. I'll put the Writings into your Hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his Love is linkt unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this Pinch
May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks streight
And take some poor House by, 'tis but for four Days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsom off, and leave the House clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little Stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a Boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the Rooms kept sweet,
Wench?

Per. Would I had the Wench too.

Estif. They're sweet and neat.

[Exit Perez.]

Mar. Why, where's your Husband?

Estif. Gone, Madam.

When you come to your own he must give place, Lady.

Mar. Well, send you Joy, you would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your Ladyship.

[Exeunt.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Alt. **A**RE you at ease now, is your Heart at rest,
Mar. I am at Peace, *Altea*,
 If he continue but the same he shews,
 And be a Master of that ignorance
 He outwardly professes, I am happy.

Alt. You're a made Woman.

Mar. But if he shou'd prove now
 A crafty and dissembling kind of Husband,
 One read in Knavery, and brought up in the Art
 Of Villany conceal'd.

Alt. My Life, an Innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at,
 That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him,
 Are the Rooms made ready
 To entertain my Friends? I long to dance now.

Alt. Your House is nothing now but various Pleasures,
 The Gallants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on,
 I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
 And Company is my Delight, and Courtship,
 And handfom Servants at my Will; where's my good
 Husband,
 Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his Distance, Madam,
 I warrant ye he is busy in the Cellar
 Amongst his Fellow-servants, or asleep,
 Till your commands awake him.

B 3

Enter

Enter Leon, and Servant.

Mar. 'Tis well, *Altea*.

It should be so, my Ward I must preserve him,
Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His Bonnet on too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the Chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my Lady's Pleasure?
New Hangings ev'ry Hour for Entertainment,
And new Plate bought, new Jewels to give Lustre?

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
It is her Will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent.
Is it her Will too, to have Feasts and Banquets,
Revels and Masques.

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest House kept now, Sir;
I must not call ye Master, she has warn'd me,
Nor must not put my Hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no Fashion;
What though I be her husband, I'm your Fellow;
I may cut first.

Serv. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

Leon. And when I lie with her——

Serv. May be I'll light ye,
On the same Point you may do me that Service.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina* with some Captains
Will come to Dinner, and have sent rare Wine,
And their best Services.

Mar. They shall be welcome;
See all be ready in the noblest Fashion,
The House perfum'd.
Go, get your best Clothes on, but 'till I call ye,

Be

Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the Gentlewomen,
And behave yourself cleanly, Sir, 'tis for my Credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the Lady *Julia*——

Leon. That's a Bawd,

A three-pil'd Bawd. Bawd Major to the Army.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her Coach to wait upon your
Ladyship,

And to be inform'd if you will take the Air this Morning.

Leon. The neat Air of her Nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no, i' the Afternoon I'll call on her.

2 *Lady.* I will, Madam. [Exit.]

Mar. Why are you not gone to prepare yourself?

May be you shall be Sewer to the first Course.

Leon. Faith, Madam, in my little Understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest Neighbours,
Your Friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your Bounty.

Mar. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye;
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of March-pane Men that will not last, Madam;
An Egg and Pepper goes farther than their Portions,
And in a well-built Body, a poor Parsnip
Will play his Prize above their strong Potabiles.

Mar. The Fellow's mad.

Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious Eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak Gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My Indiscretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, Madam,
You have a Tie upon your Servant's Tongue,
He dare not be so bold as Reason bids him.

'Twere fit there were a stronger on your Temper.
 Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your Husband,
 But what are Husbands? Read the new World's Wonders,
 And you will scarce find such Deformities,
 They're Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues,
 'Tails to your Mills, that grind with all Occasions,
 Balls that lie by you, to wash out your Stains.

Mar. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I've done, Madam,
 An Ox once spoke, as learned Men deliver,
 Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak Wonders,
 'Till when I tie myself to my Obedience. [Exit.]

Mar. First I'll untie myself; did you mark the Gentleman,
 How boldly and how saucily he talk'd;
 This was your Providence,
 Your Wisdom, to elect this Gentleman,
 Your excellent Forecast in the Man, your Knowledge,
 What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an Ass still,
 This Boldness some of your People have blown into him,
 This Wisdom too with strong Wine, 'tis a Tyrant,
 And a Philosopher also, and finds out Reasons.

Mar. I'll have my Cellar lock'd, no School kept there,
 Nor no Discovery. I'll turn my Drunkards,
 Such as are understanding in their Draughts,
 And dispute learnedly the Whys and Wherefores,
 To Grabs immediately; I'll keep all Fools,
 Sober or Drunk, still Fools, that shall know nothing,
 Nothing belongs to Mankind, but Obedience,
 And such an Hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Alt. He'll fall again, my Life, he cries by this time,
 Keep him from Drink, he's a high Constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new Suit, Madam?

Mar. No, your old Clothes,
 And get you into th' Country presently,

And

And see my Hawks well train'd, you shall have Victuals,
Such as are fit for sawcy-Pallates, Sir,
And Lodgings with the Hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good Madam, be not so rough with Repentance.

Alt. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, Madam, if it please your Ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled;

Forgive, good Lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handfom,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?

I'll pinch ye to the Bones then, my proud Lady. [*Exit.*]

Mar. See you preserve him thus upon my Favour;
You know his Temper, tie him to the Grinstone;
The next Rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my Life; come in and see all handfom.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I

Never return to mine own House again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserable Dog hole,
A Conjurer's Circle gives content above it;
A Hawk's Mew is a Princely Palace to it;
We have a Bed no bigger than a Basket,
And there we lie like Butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to Sauce immediately;
Never return to mine own Paradise?

Why Wife, I say, why *Estifania*!

Estif. [*within.*] I'm going presently.

Per. Make haste, good Jewel.

I'm like the People that live in the sweet Islands:
I die, I die, if I stay but one Day more here.
The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats,
For they're not able to maintain a Cat here,
And those appear as fearful as two Devils,

They've eat a Map o' the whole World up already,
 And if we stay a Night, we're gone for Company.
 There's an old Woman that's now grown to Marble,
 Dry'd in this Brick-kiln, and she sits i'the Chimney,
 (Which is but three Tiles raised like a House of Cards)
 The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl,
 There is a young thing too, that Nature meant
 For a Maid-servant, but 'tis now a Monster,
 She has a Husk about her like a Chestnut,
 With Laziness, and living under the Line here,
 And these two make a hollow Sound together,
 Like Frogs, or Winds between two Doors that murmur :

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. O are you come, Wife,
 Shall we be free again ?

Estif. I am now going,
 And you shall presently to your own House, Sir,
 By that time you have said your Orisons,
 And broke your Fast, I shall be back and ready,
 To usher you to your old Content, your Freedom.

Per. Break my Fast, break my Neck rather, is there
 any thing here to eat
 But one another, like a Race of Canibals ?
 A Piece of butter'd Wall you think is excellent.
 Let's have our House again immediately,
 And pray ye take heed unto the Furniture,
 None be embezzl'd.

Estif. Not a Pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
 For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too, she sent me word, Sir,
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i'the Church-yard,
 The Dead cannot offend more than these Living,
 An Hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handfom Dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong Bath to restore me,
I stink like a stale-fish Shambles, or an Oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing,
I'll send ye People for the Trunks afore-hand,
And for the Stuff.

Per. Let 'em be known and honest,
And do my service to your Niece.

Estif. I shall, Sir,
But if I come not at my Hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair Courtesy,
And pray you be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye. [Exit.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafofo.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Cac. I've Reason, I have Money.

San. Is Money Reason?

Cac. Yes, and Rhime too, Captain,
If yo've no Money you're an Ass.

San. I thank ye.

Cac. Ye've Manners, ever thank him that has Money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Cac. Not a Farthing, Captain,
Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all Men, thou sha't have my Bond.

Cac. Nor Bonds nor Fetters, Captain,
My Money is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my Hospitals
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: Those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep th' Inheritance in my Name still.

Juan.

RULE a WIFE, and

Juan. A provident Charity ; are you for the Wars, Sir ?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Soldier.
Nor have I Faith enough to ward a Bullet ;
This is no lining for a Trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my Money,
You'd swear it Colonel ; I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more Honour,
Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing ;
A wise Man safely feeds, Fools cut their Fingers.

San. A right State Usurer ; why dost not marry,
And live a reverend Justice ?

Cac. Is it not nobler t' command a reverend Justice,
than to be one ?
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous Fool that owes me Money,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my Fury ?

Juan. Wilt go to Dinner with us ?

Cac. I will go, and view the Pearl of *Spain*, the Orient
Fair One, the rich one too, and I will be respected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captainships shall stand aloof
And pick your Noses, I will pick the Purse
Of her Affection.

Juan. The Duke dines there To-day too, the Duke of
Medina.

Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me Money, and so far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain.

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true-born *Spaniard*,
Eat as I were in *England* where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies ;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we shou'd play now, you must supply me.

Cac. You must pawn a Horse Troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San.

San. Come, let's go :
This Rascal will make rare sport ; how the Ladies
Will laugh at him ?

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his Purse sweat too.

Cac. Will ye lead, Gentlemen ? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out and let me understand ye.
And tune your Pipe a little higher, Lady ;
I'll hold ye fast : how came my Trunks open ?
And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit ?

Old Wom. Ha ! what would ye have ?

Per. My Goods again ; how came my Trunks all open ?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open ?

Per. Yes, and Cloaths gone,
And Chains and Jewels : How she smells like hung Beef,
The Palfy, and Pick locks ; fy, how she belches.
The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman ?
The young fair Woman ?

Per. What's that to my Question ?
She is my Wife, and gone about my Business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir ?

Per. Yes, Sir ; is that wonder ?
Is the Name of Wife unknown here ?

Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your Wife ?

Per. Duly and truly my Wife, I think so,
For I married her ; it was no Vision sure !

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has ; but who has all my Goods, Spirit ?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched Man, she has twenty Husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has ! I had a fair House with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, 'tis none of her's, good Gentleman,
It is a Lady's.

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*; she was her Servant,
And kept the House, but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd Tricks she plaid.

Per. Plague o' the Devil,
Am I, i' the full Meridian of my Wisdom,
Cheated by a stale Quean! What kind of Lady
Is that that owns the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady.

Per. Of a low Stature?

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but she is wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd:
Now I am sensible I am undone.

Maid. When She went out this Morning, I saw, Sir,
She had two Women at the Door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were—I heard your Trunks too open,
If they be your's?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've cast their Calves, they're not worth
owning.

Was she her Mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own Mistress, her very Mistress, Sir,
and all you saw
About and in that House was her's.

Per. No Plate, no Jewels, nor no Hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing, she's poor, Sir, a poor shifting
thing.

Per. No Money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her unless she steal it;
But for one single Gown her Lady gave her,
She might go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now,
I think I am as poor as she, I'm wide else,
One single Suit I have left too, and that's all,

And

And if she steals that she must flay me for it;
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon,
Alas, a thousand conceal'd Corners, Sir, she lurks in,
And here she gets a Fleece, and there another,
And lives in Mists and Smokes where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, Gentleman,
I dare not say she is so, Sir, because
She is your's Sir; these five Years she has fir'd
A pretty Living.

Per. She has fir'd me finely;
A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral Learnings
In one she-Saint.
Have I so long studied the Art of this Sex,
And am I trickt now?
Caught in my own Nooze? Here's a Ryal left yet,
There's for your Lodging and your Meat for this Week.
Farewel great Grand-mother,
If I do find you were an Accessary,
'Tis but the cutting off two smoky Minutes!
I'll hang ye presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly House.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly, I like that Preparation,
It stirs the Blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
And intimates the Mistress free and jovial;
I love a House where Pleasure prepares Welcome.

Duke. Now, *Cacafogo*, how like you this Mansion?
'Twere a brave Pawn.

Cac. I shall be Master of it,
'Twas built for my Bulk, the Rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well,
I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord,

And

And take the height of her Table with my Stomach,
How my Affection stands to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies and Servant.

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to these Soldiers,
You honour my poor House with your fair Presence,
Those few slight Pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace command, they're yours,
Your Servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, Lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless mine Eyes with your sweet Beauty,
'T has been a long Night since you left the Court,
For 'till I saw you now, no Day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's Meat.

San. She's most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on,
I rather would command her than my Regiment.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this Dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
Nor shall it be until I know the Guests too,
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? he looks another thing;
Are Miracles afoot again?

Mar. Why, Sirrah, why Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you. saucy Woman;
And as you are my Wife, command your Absence,
And know your Duty. 'tis the Crown of Modesty.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes, good my Lord, I am her Husband,
And pray take notice that I claim that Honour,
And will maintain it.

Cac. If thou beest her Husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful Friend.

Leon. Peace, Dirt and Dunghil,

I will

I will not lose my Anger on a Rascal.

Cac. I'll talk with you another time.

[*Exit.*

Alon. This is miraculous.

San. Is this the Fellow

That had the Patience to become a Fool ;

I am astonish'd.

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.

Leon. You shall not,

You shall not have so much will to be wicked.

I am more tender of your Honour, Lady,

You took me for a Shadow,

You took me to gloss over your Discredit,

To be your Fool,

I'm innocent of any foul Dishonour I mean to ye.

Only I will be known to be your Lord now,

And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor Fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool.

I will not be commanded : I'm above ye :

You may divorce me from your Favour, Lady,

But from your State you never shall, I'll hold that,

And hold it to my use, the Law allows it.

And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own House ?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,

You are deceiv'd, I'm Lord of it, I rule it,

And all that's in't, you've nothing to do here, Madam,

But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings,

And at my farther Will to do me Service,

And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, Madam,

I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour,

And will maintain it ; you shall know me now

To be an understanding feeling Man,

And sensible of what a Woman aims at.

I cast

I cast my Cloud off, and appear myself,
The Master of this little Piece of Mischief,
And I will put a Spell about your Feet, Lady,
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at,
For the mere sign of Man, the walking Image?
He speaks wond'rous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
In his own House, and it becomes me well too;
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a Wife or Servant of your own,
(For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,)
Under your own Roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave, a strange Conversion, thou shalt lead
In chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, my Lord, my Fortune makes me ev'n,
And as I am an honest Man, I'm nobler.

Nar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach
And eat your Coach too, (which will be hard Diet)
That executes your Will; or take your Coach, Lady,
I give you Liberty; and take your People
Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing Strain, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as Bawds to your brave Fury,
To see a Lady weep.

Leon. They're Tears of Anger,
Wrung from her Rage, because her Will prevails not,
Put up, my Lord, this is Oppression,
And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me,
The Law to lend her Hand, the King to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me;
I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye,

In

In mine own House to brave me, is this Princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this Place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude Behaviour,
Mercy forsake me.

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own Right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the Husband's Freedom,
The Husband's Curse stick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it,
Let her lie by him like a flattering Ruin,
And at one instant kill both Name and Honour,
Let him be lost, no Eye to weep his end,
Nor find no Earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now Sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray, Sir, use your Wife well.

Leon. Mine own Humanity will teach me that, Sir,
And now you're welcome all, and we'll to Dinner,
This is my Wedding-day.

Juan. I've seen a Miracle, hold thine own, Soldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer Women.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the Lady of the House?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that pretty Lady,
If you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business.
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the Woman. Good Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a Maid call'd *Estifania*?

Mar. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid d' you think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her, ———
For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew; now I look better,
I think

I think you married her, give you much Joy, Sir.

Per. Give me a Halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Is not this House mine, Madam?

Was not she Owner of it? pray speak truly.

Mar. No, certainly, I'm sure my Money paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too?

Mar. All are mine, Sir,

And every thing you see about the Building,
She only kept my House when I was absent,
And so I'll keep it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your Maid?

Mar. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now, why shou'd I look after her?
Since that first Hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, wou'd the Devil had had her.
It is all true I find, a Wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy Wife with-Child, *Don Michael*? Thy
excellent Wife.

Art thou a Man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee!

San. And eat some rare fruit? Thou hast admirable
Orchards,

You are so jealous now, pox o' your Jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling,
I'm in no Humour now to fool and prattle:
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times,
So often that I was agham'd to keep her,
But I forgave her, Sir, in hopes she'd mend still,
And had not you o' the instant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which way so'er I turn I'm a made Man,
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot. Captain:

Hark

HAVE a WIFE.

45

Hark in thine Ear, I am the arrant'st Puppy,
The miserablest Afs! but I must leave ye;
I am in haste, in haste, blefs you good Madam,
And may you prove as good as my Wife.

Leon. What then, Sir?

Per. Why then I'd give the Devil one to fetch the other.

[*Exit.*

Leon. Will you come near, Sir, will your Grace but
honour me,

And taste our Dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All Anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Duke. I'll cros your Joy, yet.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'LL to a Conjurer but I'll find this Pol-cat,
This pilfering Whore: A plague of Veils, I cry,
And Covers for the Impudence of Women,
Their Sanctity in show will deceive Devils;
It is my evil Angel, let me blefs me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I'm caught, I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no shake of Fear, I see he's angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your Modesty
All the Town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I'm glad I have found ye, for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I've been in Bawdy-Houses——

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray ye pardon me;
To seek your Ladyship, I have been in Cellars,
I was amongst the Nuns because you sing well,
But they say yours are Bawdy Songs, they mourn for ye;
And last I went to Church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty Progress. I'll tell mine now:
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns——

Per. And are you sober!

Estif.

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
 Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em Soldiers,
 There I had great hope to find you disguised too;
 From hence to the Dicing-house, there I found Quarrels
 Needleless and fenceless, Swords, Pots, and Candlesticks,
 Tables and Stools, and all in one Confusion,
 And no Man knew his Friend. I left this *Chaos*,
 And to the Surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
 For says he learnedly,
 If he be drunk, he quarrels, then I hear of him.
 I sought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd,
 Amongst Diseases, base and vile, vile Women,
 For I remember'd your old *Roman* Axiom,
 The more the Danger, still the more the Honour.
 Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me,
 You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
 But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton Languages,
 And now conclude we in a sharper Tongue.

Why am I cozen'd? —

Estif. Why am I abused?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable —

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, nasty, incorrigible —

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you Eeho me?

Estif. Yes, Sir, and go before ye,
 And round about ye, why do you rail at me,
 For that was your own Sin, your own Knavery;

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You'd best now draw your Sword, Captain!
 Draw it upon a Woman, do, brave Captain,
 Upon your Wife, Oh most renown'd Captain!

Per. A Plague upon thee, answer me directly;
 Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my Husband;

I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
 A House

A House and Riches, when they are but Shadows.
Shadows to me ?

Estif. Why did you work on me,
It was but my Part to requite you, Sir,
With your strong Soldier's Wit, and swore you'd bring me
So much in Chains, so much in Jewels, Husband,
So much in right rich Clothes ?

Per. Thou hast 'em, Rascal ;
I gave 'em to thy Hands, my Trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my Treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your Treasure, sell it to a Tinker
To mend old Kettles ; is this noble Usage ?
Let all the World view here the Captain's Treasure,
Here's a Shoeing-horn Chain gilt over, how it scenteth,
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my Monkey in't,
These are my Jointure ; blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A Fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty ?

Estif. Here's a goodly Jewel,
Did not you win this at *Goletta*, Captain,
Or took it in the Field from some brave *Bashaw* ?
See how it sparkles——Like an old Lady's Eyes ;

Per. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a Chain of Whittings Eyes for Pearls,
A Muscle-Monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pr'ythee Wife, my Clothes, my Clothes.

Estif. I'll tell ye,
Your Clothes are Parallels to these, all Counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a Man of Copper.

Per. Is there no House then, nor no Grounds about it ?
No Plate nor Hangings ?

Estif. There are none, sweet Husband,
Shadow for shadow is as equal Justice.

[*Perez sings.*—*Estif. sings.*

Can you rail now ? Pray put your Fury up, Sir,
And speak great Words, you are a Soldier, Thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the Fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif.

Estif. You have spoke well, Sir;
 And now I see you're so conformable
 I'll heighten you again; go to your House,
 They're packing to be gone,
 And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,
 And teach you to bring Copper. [*Aside.*]

Per. Tell me one thing,
 I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, Wife;
 However I forgive thee; art thou honest?
 The Beldam swore ———

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,
 It was my Plot; alas, my credulous Husband,
 The Lady told you too ———

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suff'rance,
 And she denied the House.

Per. She knew me not,
 No, nor no Title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
 No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I wou'd believe thee,
 But Heaven knows how my Heart is; will ye follow me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*]

Estif. Go, silly Fool; thou may'st be a good Soldier
 In open Field, but for our private Service
 Thou art an Afs.

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another Trout that I must tickle,
 And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.
 May I crave your leave, Sir?

Cac. Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,
 I'm in my Meditations, do not vex me.
 A beaten thing, but this Hour a most bruised thing,
 That People had compassion on;
 I have a mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
 And Money may do much; a thousand Ducats?

C

'Tis

'Tis but the letting Blood of a rank Heir.

Estif. 'Pray you hear me.

Cac. I know thou hast some Wedding-Ring to pawn now,
Of silver gilt, with a blind Posy in't,
Or thy Child's Whistle, or thy Squirrel's Chain.
I'll none of 'em; I wou'd she did but know me,
Or wou'd this Fellow had but use of Money,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, Sir,
And I shall tell the Beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady *Margarita*——

Cac. Stay, I pr'ythee,
What is thy Will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy Tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She will intreat you, Sir.

Cac. She shall command, Sir,
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet Gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyself.

Estif. She does command then
This Courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

Cac. Your Mistress by the way?

Estif. My natural Mistress.
Upon these Jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em right.

Cac. To doubt 'em is an Heresy.

Estif. A thousand Ducats, 'tis upon Necessity
Of present Use, her Husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Cac. Long may he be so.

Estif. She desires withal
A Better Knowledge of your Parts and Person,
And when you please to do her so much Honour——

Cac. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In troth I've heard her say, Sir,
Of a fat Man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this Business, Sir.

Cac. Let's do it first
And then dispute, the Lady's Use may long for't.

Estif. All Secrecy she wou'd desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Cac.

HAVE a WIFE.

51

Cac. We are not wise to talk thus,
Carry her the Gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her Eyes, and thee another:
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy Lady,
Long monitrouly; now Valour I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his Will, I shall prevent him,
I have a Toy here that will turn the Tide,
And suddenly, and strangely; here *Don Juan*,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. A Fellow founded out of Charity,
It must not be.

San. That such an Oister shell should hold a Pearl,
And of so rare a price in Prison.

Duke. Ne'r fear it, *Sanchio*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear Orb. But one sweet Handsomeness
To bless this part of *Spain*, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good Man's Cause, and we must stir in it,

Duke. I'll warrant ye he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall hear anon

A new Song from him, let's attend a little.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leon, and Juan with a Commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this Nobleness,
I should have been your Officer, 'tis true, Sir,
And a proud Man I shou'd have been to've serv'd you;
'T has pleas'd the King, out of his boundless Favours,
To make me your Companion, this Commission
Gives me a Troop of Horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad Man we shall gain your Company,
I'm sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four Days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time grows shorter still; are your Goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear, ho, go carry this unto your Mistress
Sir,

And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be lusty she must make a Soldier.

Go take down all the Hangings,
And pack up all my Clothes, my Plate and Jewels,
And all the Furniture that's portable.

Sir, when we lie in Garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome Port, for the King's Honour.
And, do you hear, let all your Lady's Wardrobe
Be safely placed in Trunks; they must along too?

Lor. Whe'er must they go, Sir?

Leon. To the Wars, *Lorenzo*,
And you and all; all, all must go.

Lor. Why *Pedro*, *Vasco*, *Dege*.

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to save his Honour,
And cross the Duke; now I shall love him dearly,
By the life of Credit thou'rt a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now, Wife, what sick at my Preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, Sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your Mind and mine own Duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorce'd from ye?
This is a Cruelty; I'll to the King
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two Souls,
Two Minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon

Leon. By no means, Sweet-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four Days, as I am —

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his Country.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. He'd make it Treason for that Tongue that durit
But talk of War or any thing to vex him;
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet Wife;
What, should I lose the King for a few Kisses?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the Duke my Cousin, he shall to th' King.

Leon. He did me this great Office,
I thank his Grace for't, should I pray him now
T' undo't again? Fy, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you Company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [Knock within.]

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh Heav'n my Head, why
Rascal;
I think the War's begun i'the House already.

Leon. The Preparation is, they're taking down,
And packing up the Hangings, Plate and Jewels,
And all those Furnitures that shall besit me,
When I lie in Garrison.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Must the Coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady pass to the Sea else easily?
We shall find Shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye,
I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier.
And all Accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Wou'd I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, Sweet? Are her Clothes packt up
And all her Linen? Give your Maids Direction,

You know my Time's but short, and I'm c mmanded.

Mar. Let me have a Nurse,
And all such necessary People with me,
An easy Bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. I am with-Child, Sir.

Leon. At four Days warning? This is something speedy.
Do you conceive as our Jennets do, with a West-wind?
My Heir will be an arrant Fleet-one, Lady.

Mar. You must provide a Cradle, and what a trouble's
that?

Leon. The Sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best Nurse; 'twill roar and rock together.
A'swinging Storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Mar. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, Sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall along
with me,
At home I'm sure you'll prove a Million.
Every Man carries the Bundle of his Sins
Upon his own Back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble Journey?
'Tis well, and full of Care.

I saw your Mind was wedded to the War,
And knew you'd prove some good Man for your Country,
Therefore fair Cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this Place: What, mourn at his Advancement?
You are to blame, he'll come again, sweet Cousin,
Mean time, like sad *Penelope* and Sage,
Among your Maids at home, and Huswifely.

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that Solitariness,
She's young, and Grief or ill News from those Quarters
May daily cross her; she shall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means, Captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender-body'd Lady,
And

And expose her to those Dangers, and those Tumults,
A sickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir,
There's no such Friend to Health as wholsom Travel.

San. Away, It must not be.

Alon. It ought not, Sir,
Go hurry her? It is not humane, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her Tears, fright her with Tempests,

With Thunder of the War.

I dare swear if she were able ———

Leon. She's most able.

And pray ye swear not, she must go, there's no Remedy;
Nor Greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten Hours life,
Nay less, but two Hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her Fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit as
Her Weakness and your hot Will wou'd work her to.

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now?
More Tropes and Figures to abuse my suff'rance,
What Cousin's this?

Juan. *Michael Van Owle*, how dost thou?
In what dark Barn or Tod of aged Ivy
Hast thou lain hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And People must conceal, and shine again.
You're welcome hither as your Friend may say, Gentlemen,
A pretty House ye see handsomely feated,
Sweet and convenient Walks, the Waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a *French* Taylor, that
Has nothing in his Head but ends of Fustians.

Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle Cousin,
And my Wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do; you were merry when I was last here,

But 'twas your Will to try my Patience, Madam.
 I'm sorry that my swift Occasions
 Can let you take your Pleasure here no longer,
 Yet I wou'd have you think, my honour'd Cousin,
 This House and all I have are all your Servants.

Leon. What House, what Pleasure, Sir, what do you mean?

Per. You hold the Jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous;
 This House I mean, the Pleasures of this Place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They're mine, Sir, and you know it,
 My Wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.
 The Hangings, Sir, I must intreat your Servants,
 That are so busy in their Offices,
 Again to minister to their right Uses:
 I shall take view o' th' Plate anon, and Furnitures
 That are of under place; you're merry still, Cousin,
 And of a pleasant Constitution,
 Men of great Fortunes make their Mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Pr'ythee good stubborn Wife, tell me directly,
 Good evil Wife leave fooling and tell me honestly,
 Is this my Kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many Kinsmen, but so mad a one,
 And so phantastic——all the House?

Per. All mine,
 And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.
 Can't you receive a noble Courtesy,
 And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, Coz,
 But you must ride o' the top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I cou'd have done, Sir.

Leon. For you must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no Quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
 I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
 Never in Love, for that's a Lunacy,
 No great State left ye that ye never look'd for,
 Nor cannot manage, that's a rank Distemper;

That

That you were Christened, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Per. He has half persuaded me I was bred i'th' Moon,
Will ye walk out, Sir?

And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief, as Sense can give thee,
Brick me into that Wall there for a Chimney-piece,
And say I was one o' th' *Cæsars*, done by a Seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the House is his, and all that's in it;
I'll give away my Skin but I'll undo ye;
I gave it to his Wife, you must restore, Sir,
And make a new Provision.

Per. Am I mad now
Or am I christen'd, you my Pagan Cousin,
My mighty Mauhound Kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcome all, I hope to see, Sir,
Your Grace here, and my Coz, we are all Soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? Then I must tell ye, Sir,
Ye've no Command, now ye may go at pleasure
And ride your Afs Troop.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my Gall, nor alters my Affections:
You have more Furniture, more Houses, Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,
And you have Land i' th' *Indies* as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view a-while those Climates,
Visit your Factor's there, that may betray ye;
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now, thou'rt a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred Light I love thee dearly.
The House is none of your's, I did but jest, Sir,
You are no Coz of mine, I beseech ye vanish,
Your Wife has once more fool'd ye:
Go, and Consider.

Leon. Good-morrow, my sweet mauhound Cousin;
I should be glad, Sir. ———

Per. By this Hand she dies for't,
Or any Man that speaks for her. [Exit Perez.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor Month,
You shall have a Commission, and I'll go too,
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye;
Good-morrow to your Grace, we've private business.
[Exit.

The End of the Fourth Act.





A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Perez.

Per. **H** A D I but Lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the Queens in Christendom might hear
me,
That Men might run away from the Contagion,
I had my Will: Wou'd it were most High Treason,
Most infinite high, for any Man to marry,
I mean for a Man that wou'd live handsomly,
And like a Gentleman, in's Wits and Credit.
What Torments shall I put her to?
Cut her in Pieces? Every Piece will live still,
And ev'ry Morfel of her will do Mischief?
They are so many Lives, there's no Hanging of 'em,
They are too light to drown, they're Cork and Feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders;
Under huge heaps of Stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the Giants?
She will move under more than built old *Babel*.
I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, with a Casket.

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of Clouts, a she Moth,
That ev'ry Silk-man's Shop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thousand Ducats, by a Whim-wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated, speak again thou Vision;
But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort:
Tell me I conjure thee.

Cac. Then keep thy Circle,
For I'm a Spirit wild that flies about thee,
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st Human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per.

Per. Ha

Cac. Do . . . Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By . . . ed Spirit, speak, speak, ha, ha, ha.

Cac. I'll utter, laugh till thy Lungs crack, by a rascal Woman,

A lewd, abominable, and plain Woman.

Dost thou laugh still?

Per. I must laugh, pr'ythee pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Cac. I shall be angry,

Terribly angry, I have cause.

Per. That's it,

And 'tis no reason but thou should'st be angry.

Angry at Heart, yet I must laugh still at thee.

By 'a Woman cheated? art sure it was a Woman?

Cac. I shall break thy head, my Valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter, by a Woman cozen'd,

A real Woman?

Cac. By a real Devil.

Plague of her Jewels and her Copper Chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let's see them,
I have been cheated too, I wou'd have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a Woman also,
A scurvy Woman, I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Cac. Pray ye take it,

You are the merriest undone Man in *Europe*,
What need we Fiddles, Bawdy-songs, and Sherry,
When our own Miseries can make us merry

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

I've seen these Jewels, what a notable Pennyworth
Have you had? you will not take, Sir,
Some twenty Ducats?

Cac. Thou'rt-deceiv'd, I will take.

Per. To clear your Bargain now.

Cac. I'll take some ten,

Some any thing, some half ten, half a Ducat.

Per. An excellent Lapidary set these Stones sure,
D' you mark heir Waters?

Cac. Quick-sand choke their Waters,
And her's that brought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have)
A woman that can cozen ye so neatly,
She's taken half mine Anger off with this trick. [Exit.

Cac. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this Fellow,
I've Money enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals Lives that vex me.
I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. [Exit.

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your Country House,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly,
This Place is full of Charge and full of Hurry,
No part of Sweetness dwells about these Cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your Pleasure;
Live in a hollow Tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your Obedience waits upon your Husband,
Command you now, and ease me of that Trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a Servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble Friends,
They shall be welcome all.

[Clashing Swords. A Cry within, Down with their Swords.
What Noise is this, what dismal Cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too.
Sure there's some Mischief done i'th' Street, look out there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir, the Duke Medina.

Leon. What of the Duke Medina?

Ser. Oh sweet Gentleman, is almost slain!

Mar.

Mar. Away, away, and help him,
All the House help.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Leon. How! slain? why *Margarita*,
Wife, sure some new Device they have a-foot again,
Some Trick upon my Credit, I shall meet it,
I'd rather guide a Ship Imperial
Alone, and in a Storm, than rule one Woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Servant.

Mar. How came ye hurt, Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my Friend, the noble Colonel,
My Cause was naught, for 'twas about your Honour:
And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'er prospers,
And he has left me thus; for Charity,
Lend me a Bed to ease my tortur'd Body,
That ere I perish I may show my Penitence,
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help, Gentlemen, to carry him,
There shall be nothing in this House, my Lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.

Leon. To bed with him, and Wife give your attendance.
[*Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. and Serv.*]

Enter Juan.

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so, Sir,
And take you heed this last Blow do not spoil ye;
He is not hurt, only we made a Scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd Anger; that same Scratch
On's Hand he took, to colour all, and draw Compassion,
That he might get into your House more cunningly.
I must not stay; stand now, and you're a brave Fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet?

[*Exit Juan.*]

Enter

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, Sir,
I do not think these ten Months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my House to play the Fool in,
Or does it stand on Fairy Ground? we're haunted:
Are all Men and thir Wives troubled with Dreams thus?

Mar. What ail you, Sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet Wife,
To put these daily Pastimes on my Patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I shou'd suffer this?

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lie here on your Cure, I shall be desperate;
I know the Trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let Blood in all the Veins about thee,
Thy Spirits purg'd for those are they that fire ye;
Th' Maid shall be thy Mistress, thou the Maid,
And all her servile Labours thou shalt reach at,
And go through chearfully, or else sleep empty;
That Maid shall lie by me to teach you Duty,
You in a Pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.

Mar. I've lost myself, Sir,
And all that was my base self, Disobedience, [Kneels.]
My Stubbornness I've lost too,
And now by that pure Faith good Wives are crown'd with,
By your own Nobleness——

Enter Altea.

Leon. I take ye up, and wear ye next my Heart,
See you be worth it. Now what with you?

Al.

Alt. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulsom Fellow wou'd fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Cacafogo*, go and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Mar. I shall observe ye.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place
From the Duke's sight, and keep the Duke in too,
Make 'em believe both; I'll find time to cure 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Per. Why how dar'st thou meet me again, thou Rebel,
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou Rascal?
Were there not Ways enough to fly my Vengeance,
I wou'd not seek thee to destroy thee willingly.
But now thou com'st t' invite me,
How like a Sheep-biting Rogue taken i' the manner,
And ready for the Halter dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging Look, thou scurvy thing;
Hast ne'er a Knife,
Nor ever a String to lead thee to *Elysium*?
Be there no pitiful 'Pothecaries in this Town,
That dare administer a Dram of Rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've Mercy.

Per. If I had Tuns of Mercy thou deserv'st none,
What new Trick's now a-foot, and what new Houses
Have you i' the Air, what Orchards in Apparition,
What canst thou say for thy Life?

Estif. Little or nothing,
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis uselefs
To beg for Mercy, pray let me draw my Book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little,
For I have farther business than thy Killing,
I have Money yet to borrow, speak when you'r ready.

Estif. Now, now, Sir, now. [*Shews a pistol.*]
Come on; do you start off from me,
Do you sweat, great Captain, have you seen a Spirit?

Per.

Per. Do you wear Guns?

Estif. I am a Soldier's Wife, Sir,
And by that Privilege I may be arm'd.
Now what's the News, and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our Affairs in Peace.

Per. Let me see,
Pr'ythee let me see thy Gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye Villain; what wou'd you
Kill your Husband.

Estif. Let mine own Husband then
Be in's own Wits; there, there's a thousand Ducats;
Who must provide for you? and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand Millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your Jewels, I have
pawn'd 'em,
You see for what, we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,
Had we the House now!

Estif. Come along with me,
If that be vanish'd there be more to hire, Sir.

Per. I see I an Afs when thou art neer me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a Taper.

Leon. Is the Fool come?

Alt. Yes, and i' the Cellar fast,
And there he stays his good Hour till I call him,
He will make dainty Music 'mong the Sack-buts,
I've put him just, Sir, under the Duke's Chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Alt. He has giv'n me royally,
And to my Lady a whole load of Portugues.

Leon. Better and better still; go *Margarita*,
Now play your Prize, you say you dare be honest,
I'll put you to your test.

Mar. Secure yourself, Sir,
Give me the Candle, pass away in silence.

[*Ex. Leon, and Altea.*] [*Marg. knocks.*
Duke.]

Duke. Who's there, oh, oh.

Mar. My Lord.

Duke. [*Within.*] Have ye brought me Comfort?

Mar. I have, my Lord;
Come forth, 'tis I; come gently out, I'll help ye.

Enter Duke, in a Gown.

Come softly too, how do you?

Duke. Are there none here?

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary,
Oh let me bless this Hour; are you alone,
Sweet Friend?

Mar. Alone to comfort you.
How do your Wounds?

Duke. I've none, Lady,
My Wounds I counterfeited cunningly,
And feign'd the Quarrel too, t' enjoy you Sweet,
Let's lose no time. [*Noise below.*]

Caca. [*below.*] Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly, Heaven bless me.

Mar. And bless us both, for sure this is the Devil,
You are a wicked Man, and sure this haunts ye;
Wou'd you were out o' the House.

Duke. I wou'd I were,
On that Condition I had leapt a Window.

Mar. If you be well and lusty, fy, fy, shake not,
You say you love me, come, come bravely now.

Duke. I am most miserable.

Mar. You are indeed,
Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable.
'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock,
You rob two Temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin her's, and spot her noble Husband's.

Duke. Have you no Mercy?

Mar. Now you're frightened thoroughly,
And find what 'tis to play the Fool in folly,
And see with clear Eyes your detested Folly,
'll be your Guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true Servant,

Ever

Ever from this Hour virtuously to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafofo, and Altea.

Leon. How do you, my Lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my Wife wounded ye? You were well before;
Pray Sir, be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiv'n too. Wife, you're a right one,
And now with unknown Nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd Fights my Lord, they never
prosper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the Vault?

Alt. 'Tis he, Sir,
As lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.

Caca. Give me a Cup of Sack, and kiss me, Lady,
Kiss my sweet Face, and make thy Husband a Cuckold.
An Ocean of sweet Sack; shall we speak Treason?

Leon. He's devilish drunk.

Duke. I thought he'd been a Devil,
He made as many Noises, and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true Lover, Sir, will lament leudly:
Which of the Butts is your Mistress?

Caca. Butt in thy Belly.

Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so mon-
strous.

Caca. Butt in thy Face.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep,
When he is sober let him out to rail,
Or hang himself, there will be no loss of him.

[Exeunt Caca. and Servant.]

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound Cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, wou'd I'd a House too,
For there's no talking in the open Air.

You

You have a pretty Seat, you have the luck on't,
 A pretty Lady too, I have mis's'd both,
 My Carpenter built in a Mist I thank him,
 Do me the Courtesy to let me see it,
 See it once more. But I shall cry for Anger.
 I'll hire a Chandler's Shop close under ye,
 And for my Foolery, sell Sope and Whip-cord.
 Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
 You are a Fool, Coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little.

And now I've done; Coz, thou shalt live with me,
 My merry Coz, the World shall not divorce us,
 Thou art a valiant Man, and thou shalt never want:
 Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful,
 Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye;
 I'd live a Swallow here I must confess.
 Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
 And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherways, let me beg first.

Leon. Hold, this is your's, some recompence for Service,
 Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is your's, your true Commission, Sir.
 Now you're a Captain.

Leon. You're a noble Prince, Sir,
 And now a Soldier.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all Fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I must needs attend my Mistrefs.

Leon. Will you go, Sister?

Alt. Yes indeed, good Brother,
 I have two Ties, mine own Blood, and my Mistrefs.

Mar. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes indeed, good Wife,
 And my best Sister, for she prov'd so, Wench,
 When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Alt. I wou'd not deal so truly for a Stranger.

Mar. Well I cou'd chide ye, but it must be lovingly,
 And like a Sister:

I'll bring you on your Way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest Heart to love ye.

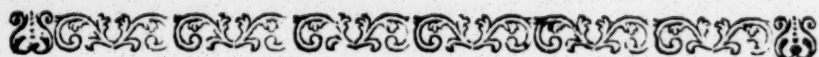
Juan. Your Colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,

Wear 'em before the Bullet, and in Blood too.
And all the World shall know we're Virtue's Servants.

Duke. *And all the World shall know, a noble Mind
Makes Women Beautiful, and Envy Blind.*

Leon. *You who would lead a happy marry'd Life,
Learn first to rule and then to have a Wife.*

The End of the Fifth Act.



E P I L O G U E.

Good Night our worthy Friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a Heart,

As you came hither; to those noble Eyes,

That deign to smile on our poor Faculties,

And give a Blessing to our labouring Ends,

As we hope many to such Fortune sends

Their own Desires, Wives fair as Light, as chaste;

To those that live by Spite, Wives made in haste.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

